

SEDALIA BAZOO

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President and Manager.

Official Paper of the City of Sedalia

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

Business office.....48
Job rooms.....169

Those who are delinquent in settling their state and county taxes had better look out for Collector Mike Dougherty is preparing for war. Within the next few days he will commence making out the tax bills and putting them into the hands of Tax Attorney Yeater for suit. All who are delinquent will do well to heed this admonition.

Whatever objections may be raised against the new method of executing criminals by electricity, the fact that such executions no longer take place in public must be recorded as a distinct advance. The horrible display of depravity by a Paris mob at a recent guillotining in that city will emphasize the need of keeping such ghastly occurrences from the public gaze.

The court news from Cap May is too rich for this debilitating season of the year. The president took a bath. The president gave the bath house attendant a dollar. The president caught a crab. The president drove out. The president stayed in. The president was particularly impressed with the manner in which Shortstop caught a hot one on the bridge of his Roman nose. As Artemus Ward would say, this is "summat 2 mutch."

Rev. Norris writes the following in the Advance:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross?
I'm sure I hardly know;
I like to shuffl' card and 'trip
The light fantasist too."

Then of the horse race I am fond,
And almost every game;
Some preach-ers are, and deacons too;
So I need feel no shame."

Such sentiments as the above might do for a preacher who contributes to the Advance but should a preacher contribute the same to the BAZOO, he would be scored as a little too "advanced" for Sedalia.

Missouri at present is making grand strides to the front under good old democratic reign and has amply demonstrated that she needs no third party to muddle her prosperity. She has been blest with the most marvelous products of the soil; she has wonderful harvests of fruit and grain, she has the large and beautiful banner of abundance and blows the cheerful horn of plenty. All hail to Missouri—she covers the fields with glory and she draws the sap of sustenance from a climate which is as soft in its breezes as that of Italy and as vigorous as that of Colorado's highest attitude.

It is a common thing for some preachers to make "a few remarks in the form of prayer," but Rev. Mr. Stevenson, of Waterloo, Iowa, seems to have beaten the record on Sunday when he assaulted the throne of grace. He began by thanking the Lord for the action of Governor Merriam of Minnesota in preventing the Hall-Fitzsimmons prize fight and he prayed for strength for the governor of Tennessee in adjusting the mining troubles, after which he said, apologetically: "But this may be politics, and, O Lord, if thou dost not know anything about politics, and if we are not to pray for politics, make the politicians pray themselves." Naturally enough this gag brought down the house and the applause of the more devout brethren was long and loud. Probably Mr. Stevenson will take the stump for the republican party this fall.

Numerous complaints are heard against retail druggists who, when asked for a well known proprietary

article, endeavor to dispose of an imitation bearing their own trade mark and represented to be "just as good." This practice is a growing one and it seems proper that steps should be taken to put a stop to it. It is a dishonorable attempt on the part of the druggist to profit at the expense of proprietors of medicines, remedies and other articles that have been extensively advertised and, by taking advantage of the demand thus created, to work off upon the people substitutes of their own concoction. It is only necessary to warn the public against this species of imposition in order to awaken a sentiment that will result disastrously to the dealers who practice it. If standard articles can not be found in one store they may be had in another, and consumers alert to their own interests will not fail to apply the remedy.

The fair commission from Chicago arrived in Paris just in time to be confronted with proof of malignant opposition in some quarter. A telegram had been sent on from Chicago, it was claimed, affirming that Germany would be more indulgently treated than France by the directorate. Naturally this incensed the French government and excited an easily inflamed press. The absurdity of such an allegation would be apparent more readily were the discrimination implied between France and any other country. But to show favor to Germany over France inevitably aroused not a little passion, which the commissioners were fortunately able to allay. Why any one in that city should take pains to send forth as flagrant and foolish a falsehood is not apparent. It is intelligible that New York jealously should make certain people in that town utter unwarranted declarations about the ability of Chicago to get up a fair worthy the occasion it celebrates. But why a dispatch should go from Chicago designed to paralyze the activity of the commission just beginning its European labors is not so easily accounted for. It is not impossible that no such dispatch was sent. It is highly probable that a miscreant connected with journalism in Paris invented the alleged telegram and printed it as a basis on which to work up a mid-summer madness that would sell a few more copies of his paltry sheet. No one in Chicago has any object in raising a cry that would temporarily annoy the government and people of France only to make them more sympathetic and alert when they learned the baselessness and baseness of the story. It is known to every one who thinks on the subject that the laws of Congress and the rules of the exposition are general in their nature. No discrimination whatever can be made in the regulations applicable to foreign exhibits. All foreign countries come in on common terms. A fair is heartily desired to come. The commissioners will make this known so clearly during their European tour that a like misunderstanding cannot be created a second time.

NOT FOR SALE.

A special dispatch from Sedalia to a St. Louis paper says:

Considerable speculation is being indulged in in journalistic and social circles over the return of A. C. Baldwin of Macon, Ga., and the belief that he intends to establish a Democratic daily paper here. He arrived yesterday, and is still here, but is non-committal as to his intentions. He has some warm political friends here and in Central Missouri who would be glad to have him resume business. But there is a large faction who will never forget that he sold the "Gazette," a Democratic paper, to the Republicans four months ago, and left his party without an organ. This latter party would do all possible to make his paper a failure, and they do not hesitate to say so. It looks like there was to be lively music in the future, to which Republicans have no objections whatever.

If the SEDALIA BAZOO is not democratic it is nothing, and the starting of another Democratic paper in Sedalia is sure to split the party. It would be a very poor Democrat that would thus aid Republicans. Sedalia, as large as it is, is not too big for the "Bazoo." If Baldwin wants to run a paper that would benefit both himself and the Democracy, let him buy the "Bazoo"—J. West Goodwin will sell it for its true value. His ability and

independence will find a larger and more remunerative field.—Carthage Democrat.

The BAZOO is much obliged to the Democrat, but for its benefit it will say that the BAZOO is, and always has been a democratic publication, it is not for sale however, at any price.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

LUCY'S "STYLE."

He Captures an Audience at Seattle and Will Make His Home There.

An informal piano recital was given by Prof. Roscoe Warren Lucy, late of the St. Louis conservatory of music, at the musical parlors of O. E. Pettis & Co., at Front and Spring streets, last evening. Among those present were: Mrs. A. P. Mitten, Mrs. S. Waterman, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, Mrs. Joshua Westling, Mrs. B. Parsons, Mrs. Josephine, Mrs. George H. King, Mrs. J. B. Gordon and others.

The following programme was rendered:

Twelfth Kapodie (Hungarian).....List
Premier Impromptu.....Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 9 No. 2.....Chopin
"M-a Leb'l Nur Eimal".....Strauss-Tausig
Second Scherzo.....Chopin
Seco'l Waltz, in A minor.....Chopin
"Venezia e Napoli".....List

Prof. Lucy's style at once captured his critical audience. His rendition of the most brilliant efforts of the old composers were exquisite and called for hearty applause. While at the instrument he was cool, self possessed and perfectly natural, and there was no constraint or effort marked in any of his actions. The performance last evening was sufficient introduction to the musical people of this city and he at once takes a position in the front rank. Prof. Lucy will make his home in Seattle in the future.—Seattle Telegraph, July 18.

The above refers to the man who has lately figured in the press of St. Louis as having abandoned his family and left for parts unknown. He played a star engagement in this city and when he left here left unpaid bills and a reputation as a dead beat which was second to none. Both he and his wife showed themselves unworthy of the confidence of the people of Sedalia, and at one time attempted to give away their children, because in their Nomadic life, children would be in the way. "Prof. Lucy's style" in music may capture the good people of Seattle, but if his style in getting away with debts hanging to him like barnacles to a ship's bottom does not capture them, they may thank their lucky stars. He is generally "cool and self-possessed," but it is his inherent impudence rather than his talent which helps him out, and Seattle should make a note of it. Should Professor Lucy make his home in Seattle, as the Telegraph states, he will add not a little to her history of frauds and that city's residents had better put an extra lock on their smoke-houses and look very closely after their spoons.

THEY ARE AFTER HIM.

A man calling himself C. Brainard is charged with attempting forgery to the extent of \$3,500 at Stockton, Mo., a few days ago. He went into a bank at that place and deposited a draft on New York for that amount, saying he had come to Stockton to buy a farm, but did not need the money just then.

A day or so later he came for the money and the officials of the bank demanded identification. He could not furnish it and left. They suspected forgery and thinking that he would go to Kansas City and would ask for mail, telegraphed the postmaster to arrest the man. This he could not do without a warrant. The bank sent representatives to Kansas City, Friday, to arrest the man, but in the meantime the postoffice received a notification to forward the mail addressed to Brainard to Excelsior, Pierce county, Wash. Efforts will be made to arrest the would-be forger at that place.

FARM LOANS. \$1,000 AND UP WANTED.

In Pettis County, at 6 per cent. interest with special privileges, including partial payments.

BOYHOWELL & JAYNES, Attys.
1-1844-ly Democrat building, Sedalia

A TALENTED WRITER.

Helen Hunt Jackson and Her Life Work.

Really one of the most highly endowed writers of either sex which our country has produced during the last quarter of a century was Helen Hunt Jackson, who passed from this world nearly four years ago, at her temporary home in San Francisco, at the age of fifty-three. Mrs. Jackson's intellectual gifts were of exceedingly rare type, and her force in the literary world was such that its influence cannot wholly perish, but will remain brilliant and inspiring, an incentive for all writers who shall come after. These were but little in the early life of Mrs. Jackson to justify the prediction that, in after years, she would become one of the foremost writers of her time, with a fame the envy of the most cultivated everywhere. At this period she was a school-miss at Amherst, New Hampshire, independent in all that characterized her life, and evincing a decided ambition for letters—a career, however, on which she did not really enter until after her marriage, which took place on her twenty-first birthday. Her school essays were remarkable for their originality, and to this day are remembered by her friends of those years with great pleasure. Socially she was very attractive, even with those who were more conversant with her independence of character.

Helen Hunt was the daughter of Professor Fiske, for many years a member of the faculty of Amherst college, Massachusetts, a gentleman who died while on a tour in Palestine, where he had gone for purposes of health and observation. Her first husband was a gentleman of the name of Hunt, who died a few years after their marriage. Some time after this sad event, Mrs. Hunt began to turn her attention quite seriously to travel and literature, contributing to the magazines and newspapers poems, sketches of travel, and essays on various subjects, all marked by strong individuality, and interest absorbing in the highest degree. Among the first publications to which she contributed was the New York Independent. Through this paper her poems made her acquainted with Oliver Johnson, then managing editor, who proved to the end of her life one of her most ardent and sincere friends. Her poems brought her into great prominence and won her the praise of the leading literary minds of the day.

Among the latter was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was so impressed with her work that on a given occasion he expressed the opinion that she was the foremost poet in America. Of her poems, lofty in conception and graceful in treatment, the sonnet entitled "Thought" especially captivated the sage of Concord: O Messenger, art thou the King or I? Thou dostst outside the palace gate, Till on thy idle armor lie the late And heavy dew; the morn's bright storm-fury. Reminds thee; then, in subtle mockery, Thou smilest at the window, where I wait, Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state. My days go on, while false hours' prophecy They quick return; at last, in sad despair, I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air. When, lo! thou standest before me glad and fleet, And lay'st undreamed-of treasures at my feet! Ah, Messenger, thy royal blood to buy I am too poor. Thou art the King, not I.

It is only natural to suppose that work of so rare a character as this should win Helen Hunt great favor with all cultivated people and that her reputation should continue to grow in strength and beauty, unfolding itself hour by hour, even as a lovely flower unfolds itself in the atmosphere of June. In 1870 Messrs. Fields & Osgood of Boston, published her first volume, a collection of verse, which received a warm welcome at the hands of an appreciative public. This was followed some three years later by another volume embracing the same poems, with new ones, the latter showing added depth and grace. This time Messrs. Roberts Bros. of Boston were her publishers, a firm which ever after continued to hold this relationship with the author. Among the poems contained in this second volume was the one entitled "Resurgam." In this lyric occur the following expressive lines concerning Heaven, in response to certain speculative theories current in the world: I know no—-and glory that I do Not know—that, for Eternity's great ends, God counted me as worthy of such trust That I need not be told.

Years after her great sorrow, Mrs. Hunt became the wife of a Mr. William S. Jackson, a gentleman interested in certain mines of Colorado, to which state she now removed with her husband, making their home at Montevue. Prior to this date she had resided in New England, dividing her time between Bethlehem, New Hampshire, and Newport, Rhode Island. In 1885 appeared Mrs. Jackson's masterpiece "Romona," an Indian

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tale, in which the wrongs laid upon the red men were held up to public criticism. This work was written, in the main, in Southern California, where, in failing health, Mrs. Jackson was sojourner for more than a year.

While she was proud—as she had every reason to be—of the story on which her fame, doubtless, will chiefly rest, Mrs. Jackson felt quite as deep a pride in her poetry, which must prove, also, an enduring monument to her memory. In her verse one finds no dross; all is simple, clear, thoughtful, graceful and even very love itself.

Helen Hunt's last days on earth were passed among dear friends, who ministered to her only as loving hands and hearts can minister to the one who is slipping away into the great hereafter.

In the Overland Monthly, soon after the death of Mrs. Jackson, appeared the following article, explanatory of the regard which the people and press held for the gifted woman during the period when disease was preying swiftly upon her strength. "Some misconception has arisen in regard to the attitude of the people of San Francisco toward this gifted writer, who labored, faltered and passed away in their very midst. No throng of visitors besieged her door; no daily bulletins of her condition were published by the press, and when the long waiting was over and her weary spirit found the rest it craved, little outward demonstration was made. The newspapers, while showing her all proper respect, observed so noticeable a reticence as to provoke the comment of eastern visitors, who asked if 'H. H.' was so little known on this coast that Californians felt no realizing sense of the loss the world and literature had sustained. While apparently indifferent to her presence, the people and the press of San Francisco were paying her the highest tribute in their power—that of faithful observance of the wish she had expressed. When she came to our city in feeble health, last November, she quietly made known her desire to be left as far as possible undisturbed, and to receive no visits save from the friends she herself called about her. This request was universally respected. Many little gifts of flowers and fruits, with other unobtrusive courtesies, bore witness that she was held in tender remembrance, and the few who were admitted to the sick room were besieged with anxious inquiries regarding her condition from people who would have considered a call at her residence an unwarrantable intrusion.

"Local journalists, who were aware of her condition, knowing her wish to keep it from the knowledge of the public, refrained from any published comment; and so it happened that the first notice of her illness appeared in an Eastern paper sometime in mid-summer, a fact which she communicated to me with a sigh of resignation and the remark: 'They have got hold of it at last!' With the exception of one short account of her illness, published by a morning paper in a spirit of mistaken sympathy and in ignorance of her preferences, the sacredness of the sick room, with its painful record of the gradual encroachments of a wasting disease, was never invaded by the spirit of journalistic enterprise—in happy contrast to the spectacle the country has just witnessed at the East, where a host of ambitious reporters counted the speeding pulsebeats of a dying hero [General Grant], and regaled him with their speculations as to the length of days allotted him. It was Mrs. Jackson's dying request that no unnecessary parade should be made over her death, and that the press should abstain from giving circulation to any reports which might add to the plan the news would convey to friends dwelling at a distance. The wish was observed by local newspapers with the same fidelity they had shown in complying with her former requests. Helen Hunt's end, if sad, was nevertheless peaceful and sweet; but when, at last, she had gone to a world of hearts, the sunshine lost not a little of its brightness and the voice of life not a little of its

gladness. She was buried where she had often expressed an earnest desire to rest, on Cheyenne mountain, in a spot she used often to visit to enjoy the wild beauty and grandeur of the place—a spot not very far distant from her home, where, as she used to say, the sun was the first to strike in the morning and last to leave at night. Here, in an enclosure of a acre of plateau, purchased at her request by her husband, her grave was made and her form laid tenderly away from human sight, though not from the sight of Him who had lent her to the world for a season to bless and make it better."

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY,
In Boston Globe.

AT SWEET SPRINGS.

The Powdered Hair Party Given There Last Night Proves a Grand Success.

The powdered hair ball given at the Sweet Springs Hotel was a success in every sense of the word. The ladies looked particularly striking and beautiful and the gentlemen would have done credit to the sixteenth century chivalry. Diamonds glistened on beautiful women and flowers were in profusion. The costumes were elegant, and the time whiled away is only a remembrance now. Balls have been given at Sweet Springs for years and the pleasant times spent here is a dear recollection by many Missourians. The music was exceptionally good and the crowded condition of the floor showed this to be an important part of the pleasure.

The decorations were probably as handsome as ever seen in the place. Large flags furled and draped in graceful folds with an abundance of bunting, evergreens and garlands made the large hall a charming spot to behold.

Many people were in attendance from the neighboring towns and cities.

A PREACHER HORSEWHIPPED.

Orange, N. J., August 1.—The Rev. J. C. Jason, pastor of St. John's M. E. church here, was horsewhipped Thursday by Miss Adelaide Brown, a member of his church, because he did not reciprocate her affections. The preacher had her locked up. She is thought to be crazy.

Bad Eczema on Baby

Head One Solid Sore—Itching Awful—Had to Tie His Hands to Cradle—Cured by Cuticura.

Our little boy broke out on his head with a bad form of eczema, when he was four months old. We tried three doctors, but they did not help him. We then used your three CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using them seven weeks exactly according to directions, he began to steadily improve, and after the use of them for seven months his head was entirely well. When we began using it his head was a solid sore from the roots to his eyebrows. It was also a feverish, and most of his face, and small pieces in different parts of his body. There were fifteen weeks that we had to keep his hands tied to the cradle and hold them when he was taken up; and he did to keep himself tied on his hands to keep his fingers out of the sores, as he would scratch if he could in any way get his hands loose. We know your CUTICURA REMEDIES cured him. We feel safe in recommending them to others.

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